



John Fiksdal

I don't go in for love songs; it's all been said before. Gone are the tears of my teens. The thrills, as well, are gone. Artists who croon love and love lost to the same three guitar chords generally don't know Aves from Apidae and should ship their shingles to a skeet range, not to our local record distributor.

Fortunately, amidst our Paul Ankas (selling records by the millions), we have our Gordon Lightfoots (selling records by the thousands). Here is a man with taste. Here is a record that I can sit down and listen to as one would watch the late show.

I don't speak. I can scarcely think for myself. I can only sit, immoveable as this man caresses my mind with his song. The pictures roll through the darkest recesses of my cerebral hemispheres as a master storyteller takes me into his confidence, letting me know the secrets of his past that move him to write as he does.

It's cold on the shoulder
And you know that we get a little older
Every day.

Gordon Lightfoot has been cranking out record albums for well over ten years. And the passage of time is reflected in his works. Each album, each effort seemingly groping for perfection: each time coming even closer.

Perhaps if he lives long enough . . .

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Stereo 89.1